

INTRUSIONS OF THE ASTRAL VOICES : Part 5

-by B. Edwards



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Today was another day

Of strange incidents

Of intrusions

By these voices entities

Like this afternoon

While I was working

And I heard the voices

Heckling me

Over the sound of a fan

This was no trick of the mind

This was their manipulation of soundwaves

So that when I hear their voices

They sound louder

And more menacing to me

They are quite crafty

At this kind of thing

They know all kinds of tricks

And they know how to use them well

It took me a little while

To catch on to them

They pulled the rug

Out from under me

Countless times

Perhaps they've had years

Decades.....centuries

To hone their mind games

Into some evil art form

Yet today

When I heard the voices

Coming through

Over the fan noise

I didn't react much at all

And now I don't even remember

What it was that they said

It's gone

I pushed it out of my memory

I have no need to retain it

That's what you have to do

With these entities

Turn their words into ashes

And scatter them

To the winds

The things they say

Have an angle

An intent

An agenda

A purpose

Deprive them of it

Throw a monkey wrench

Into their scheme

Don't listen

Don't react

Don't reply

Don't remember

Do whatever you have to do

To sabotage their agenda

Overtake it

Cast it aside

Decimate it

Stamp it out

Defeat their agenda

With the silence

That gives you peace

-5/8/2020